



# THE KOREA

## MISSION FIELD

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### SPECIAL ARTICLES :

The Hon. Horace N. Allen, M.D., LL. D.

H. H. Underwood, Ph. D.

New Horizons

Miss E. Wagner

Rural Christianity at Work

F. S. Miller

Digging Bait for Peter

R. K. Smith, M. D.

Eden—A Poem

Ik Pong Chang

MARCH, 1933.

SEOUL, KOREA.



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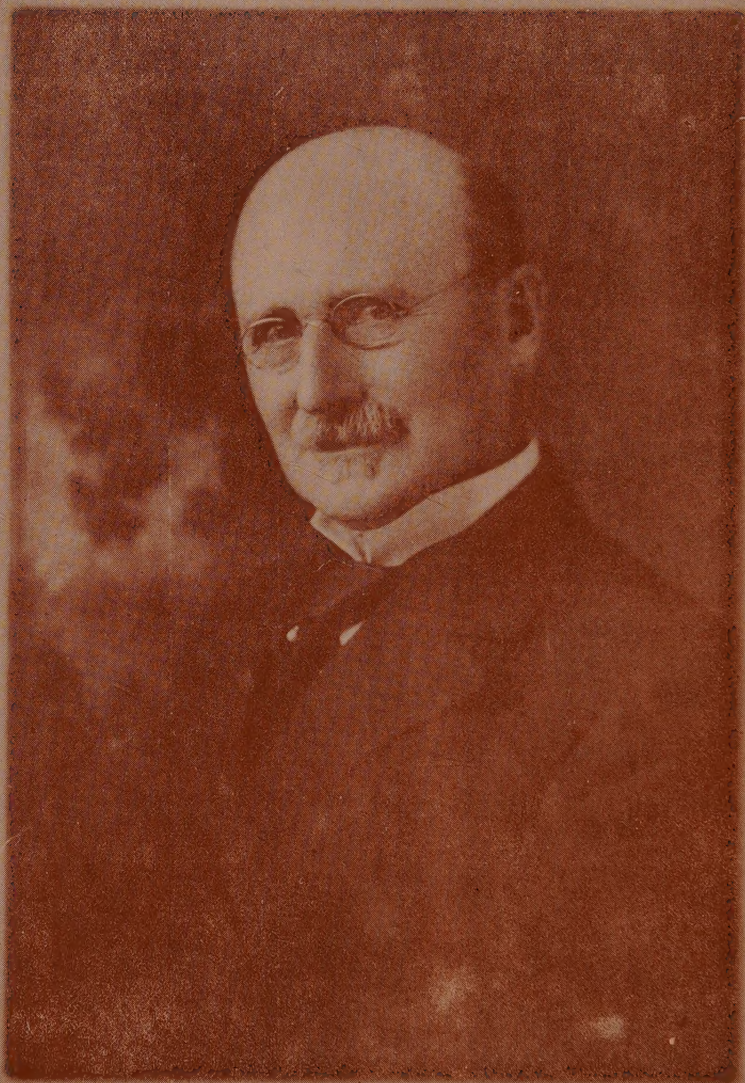
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THE HON. HORACE N. ALLEN, M.D., LL.D.



# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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MARCH, 1933

No. 3

### Horace N. Allen

 BANQUET was in full swing. Korea's Post-Office was open; its first postage stamps were issued and to celebrate this event the officials of the new regime and their friends were gathered in state. An obsequious servant bowed by the seat of one of the highest princes of the land, the guest of honor as an ardent supporter of the new postal project. The prince rose and stepped to the door. A moment later he staggered back bleeding from a dozen sword cuts and fell unconscious on the floor. Servants and retainers carried him to the palace. The frightened guests departed and within a short time the Post-Office was in flames. The sound of musketry was heard in various parts of the city and the emeute of 1884 against the Progressive Party was in full swing.

Palace physicians were called but each and all hesitated to treat a patient so near to death when failure would cost the doctor his head. "Try the foreign doctor" someone suggested. His Highness was practically dead and when could there be so good a chance to throw discredit upon foreign medicine, foreigners in general and the religion which they represented? Within a short time a tall, red-headed, young American doctor was standing by the side of the unconscious prince who still hovered between life and death. It was a difficult position. He knew as well as the crowd of curious, jealous, hostile courtiers and physicians what failure would mean to the Church he represented, to the interests of

his country and even to the future of Korea. He knew also the renown that would come, how wide the door would be opened and how warm would be the welcome to one who should save the prince. His ancestor, Ethan Allen, was never characterized by hesitation or vacillation and Dr. Horace N. Allen decided instantly to take the chance and risk everything for the splendid rewards which success offered for Christianity and progress.

The two or three days during which the prince's life hung in the balance must have been anxious ones for so highly strung a young man as Dr. Allen, but the prince was restored to health and the door opened in a marvelous way both for Christianity and for Americans. Honors and rewards were showered upon the doctor, a Government Hospital was opened, and every facility which the Government could offer was given to Dr. Allen and his friends in their work.

It was not strange that when, some little time later, the first Korean Mission was sent to the United States that Dr. Allen was asked to accompany it as guide and mentor. Returning to Korea he felt that he could do more for missions for Korea, and for bringing to Korea the best of the Occident, through the diplomatic service than through a continuance of medical work under the missions. He became, therefore, Secretary of the American Legation and rose later to the position of Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Korean Court. This posi-



## THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

tion, with its varying responsibilities, its duties to American business, to American missions, to the good name of the country which he represented and to the future prosperity and strength of the country to which he was accredited, he faithfully discharged for many years. It was not an easy position. Corruption was rife in the court, palace and party intrigues were bitter and violent, poison, the executioner's sword, the assassin's dagger, fire and sword were all part of the period in which he found himself. Grasping commercial greed and fanatical zeal had to be curbed without making enemies of the interests which they represented. Without lending himself or the power of his government to either of these extremes, he must yet see that corrupt officials did not block the wheels of progress for their own purposes and that superstition and prejudice were not allowed to keep preachers and teachers from the exercise of their treaty rights. To imply that Dr. Allen made no mistakes in the long years of his career in Korea would be to suggest that he was superhuman, but certainly we can say that his record shines brighter and cleaner than that of most men.

It is possible, from the point of view of imperialistic nationalism, that Dr. Allen was too solicitous for the interests of Korea. He regarded Korea almost as an adopted country and he strove in every way which was consistent with his position as the Ambassador of the United States to promote the welfare of Korea. It was probably for this cause that Dr. Allen was rather summarily recalled and his place filled by another who was better qualified to tread the devious paths of the diplomacy of that period.

After Dr. and Mrs. Allen's return to the United States they took up their residence in Toledo, Ohio, where Dr. Allen recently passed away. Never a robust figure, for some years

past he had suffered from diabetes, and with increasing age his condition became steadily worse, so that for many months he had been looking forward to the end as a release.

Dr. Allen was the author of several books on Korea, his work "Korean Tales" being the first attempt to give to the Occident some of the charming Korean legends and folk-tales which have since been made more familiar by a number of other writers. He was also the compiler of a very valuable chronological index of Korean history which is of great value as a reference book for Occidental readers.

For the twenty years which elapsed between his retirement from the diplomatic service until his death he had maintained a keen and loving interest in Korea and things Korean, and he still holds a warm place in the hearts of the older generation and of Koreans today. Men who saw his erect and commanding figure in the midst of the corruption and intrigues of the palace, men who were cured by his skill, men whose lives and property were saved by his kindly and wise advice, men who see now that if his counsels had been better heeded at the court Korea might have been in a different position, men in many different walks of life in Korea will long remember "Allyun Paksa" as he is called by many of them.

For the missionary body his passing marks a period, for he was the first Occidental Protestant missionary to come to Korea and was almost the last of that early group who entered between 1884-86.

Mrs. Allen and his two sons, known familiarly to the older group of missionaries as "Harry" and "Morris," survive him and to them our hearts go out in sympathy for the loss of that lovable personality, keen mind and commanding presence.

H. H. UNDERWOOD

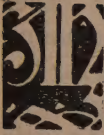


# New Horizons

ELLASUE WAGNER

(In the following story many of Soo Chun's friends will recognize a young man who for many years has been the valued friend of the missionaries in one of the largest stations. His work is well known. When his benefactor left for the homeland this winter there was probably not one among the large group who saw him off at the station whose love was deeper and truer.—*Editor.*)

## I. Soo Chun's Story

Y FATHER DIED when I was only eleven years of age. Father's debts took all of value, including the home. My mother and the children went to live with our grandfather in Choong Chung Do. We were poor farmers; my older brothers found places as farm hands on neighbors' farms and I helped my mother peddle baskets from house to house.

I remember well the night on which the turning point of my life came. I heard my brothers talking of what an education meant. I listened, wide eyed and eager. It seemed that all a man needed to make him wise and good and great was an opportunity to study. I knew well enough what it was to be ignorant and poor; all of our family and all of our neighbors and friends were in that class. That very moment I determined that study I would if that was what it required to become a great man.

Under a pile of rubbish I found an old Chinese book and thereafter I spent many hours pouring over its yellow, musty pages. But it was all strange, confusing; I could not get a bit of sense out of the queer characters; even the few which I knew and those which my friends could recognize, had no meaning at all. Opportunity, however, comes to those who are waiting to catch his wings, and I finally decided to approach the school-master of the village.

The three well-to-do families of the village supported that learned man, the Scholar Ye. That is he received his food and clothes and a room. In return he taught the fortunate boys of those well-favored households the wonders of ancient Chinese classics. I went to Scholar

Ye and asked him if I also might have the privilege of study if I worked for the boys. So it came to pass that I was allowed to sweep and clean the schoolroom, to fetch and carry for and to serve the boys and the teacher for the help they gave me with my lessons. I studied a year thus and the teacher said that I had learned in that time what the other boys learned in three years.

One day my mother spoke of the famous priest in the High Mountain Monastery. This priest, called "Stone Boat," was widely known for his wisdom and learning. My mother had heard that he was receiving into his class of neophytes a few new students who would have the opportunity of sitting at the feet of the great Master. They in turn hoped to become priests in the Buddhist temple and might become abbot of the great monastery on some future day. It seemed like a real god-send to a poor boy, a chance at the learning and wisdom of the ages, and who could tell but that it might mean fame and wealth some day!

By the help of another priest, a friend of the family, and with the enthusiastic testimonials of Scholar Ye, the much-coveted honor was obtained and I was enrolled in the novice class at the Monastery. I was very proud of my new robes and the floppy bonnet, the uniform which the Buddhist students wore, and I felt that now I had indeed found the opportunity which I was so earnestly seeking.

I had only been with Stone Boat a month when my horizon again lifted to show me a glimpse of worlds beyond. Three Palace Maids, ladies in waiting on the Queen, sent an urgent message to Stone Boat, their father confessor. He must go at once to Seoul, the



great capital, the Mecca of Korea. All my life I had dreamed of seeing Seoul at some time. Was this the chance? The Master always took one of his disciples to attend him, and I eagerly sought the privilege. Finally it was granted and I set out with the old priest, my heart high with anticipation for I was to see the great city of Seoul.

On the train I met another boy of about my own age who also was going to the city. Naturally we fell to talking and he told me many things. He told me that his father was a preacher of the Jesus religion, which was something entirely new to me. The boy also told wonderful things about the missionaries, the teachers of the Jesus Way who lived in Seoul, and most wonderful of all about the modern school where boys could study not only the ancient classics, but even subjects now much in vogue, such as mathematics and languages of other lands and the history of other nations. It seemed like a fairy story. Then with much pride the stranger showed a precious scrap of paper on which was written the address of the missionaries. He said that they had promised to take him and that he was going to this school to study.

"Would they take me, too?—would such a thing be possible?" The boy didn't know, but he thought that it would not do any harm to try.

When the train reached Seoul that night my new-found friend, the little boy, found no one to meet him. He was dazed by the lights and noise, the sounds of the terrible city. He stood there trembling, with tears in his eyes. The kind-hearted old priest said:

"Come on with us tonight and then tomorrow you will find the place more easily." This he did. We slept together that night and talked and talked far into the night as boys will. I asked many questions about this new religion and the teachers. He told me what he knew and put special emphasis on the kind-hearted friends who loved the Koreans and who had left their homes and had come from so far away to help our people. Yes,

find them I must. I would find the missionaries and cast in my lot with God's people. I never doubted that they would befriend me and do for me what they did for others. He told me, too, of the strange kind of houses in which these people live, built of red brick and two storeys high; I had never seen anything like that.

The next morning my new friend left us and went out to find the school. I have never seen him since, though I have longed many times to thank him for his help and for the larger vision he brought to me that night.

My master, "Stone Boat," feared that a little country boy would get lost in the metropolis and gave orders that I was not to leave the little temple where we were staying. However he went away each day to the palace, where he was instructing the women who were Buddhists there, and it was not difficult to find a chance to run away.

Each morning I climbed to the top of the mountain back of our temple. From this vantage point I could see across the city—what an endless labyrinth, what a city it was! My eyes eagerly sought for the two storey red brick houses of which the boy had spoken. There they were across miles and miles of tile-roofed houses, and beyond thousands upon thousands of thatched roofs I saw a steeple, a towering red brick thing like a slender pagoda. Surely that must be the place. I would go see. Stumbling along through the city streets I kept my eyes fastened on that guiding turret and thus wended my way across the city. At last I found myself directly beneath the tower of what I know now to be the new Chong Kyo Church. To my great disappointment I found it to be a great empty place. The doors were locked and no one seemed to live there. But I wasn't a timid child and I was not afraid to ask questions.

"Where is the missionary to this place?" I asked a man who stood near.

"Whom do you mean? Do you seek Chung Moksa?"



"Is he a missionary?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's the one I want then."

At length by asking many questions, and knowing now the name and the address of the missionary to be Chung Moksa, Sajakol, I found my way to the mission compound. It was all strange and new. The house with its foreign aspect was like no house I had seen before. I began to wonder if the boy from the train had told the truth about these people and if they would really help me as he said they did the Korean people. It never occurred to me to be afraid of them; my only concern was that they might not let me stay with them.

I stood outside and looked at the house for quite a while. It seemed to have many doors and I did not know which one I should enter. At length I saw through a window two men sitting by a table, one a Korean gentleman in a white *tooroomagi*, and the other evidently a foreigner, in dark, tight-fitting garments, whom I knew must be the missionary, Chung Moksa.

I knocked at this door and when it was opened I looked into the friendly face of a big man, the missionary. I knew at once that I had found a true friend, so I said,

"Here I am. I have come to be your boy."

## II. The Missionary's Story

One morning, long ago, my Korean teacher and I were busily engaged in my study when a vigorous *tap-tap* sounded on the door. There on the threshold stood a little chap about twelve years of age dressed in the robe of a Buddhist acolyte. The white cap with its wing-like projections framed a bright, round face. His eyes shone with intelligence. There was the appeal of guilelessness and trust in those young eyes that I could not resist. My heart went out to this stranger before he spoke a word; nevertheless I was startled when he announced with the faith of conviction:

"I am here. I have come to be your boy!"

In a simple child-like way he told his story. I heard of his struggles; of how his mother had placed him in the Buddhist monastery hoping that he might find an education, of how he was seeking something better. I heard of the new-made friend, a boy on the train who had told him of the Christian teachers and of their modern schools. He was quite sure that this was his great opportunity, it was that new outlook which he had been seeking. Something told him, he said, that he would be happy with us.

"I will be your boy," he said, "and serve you faithfully if you will help me to go to school. Then when I can take care of myself I will repay you."

There were many questions and manly, straightforward answers that finally led to a family conference. What should we do? It would be an added expense, a grave responsibility. We knew nothing whatsoever about the boy. The personal appeal, the candid honesty of those bright, earnest eyes, weighed more heavily than caution. How could we refuse the chance for which he pleaded so valiantly?

It was thus decided that he return to the temple and that his mother should arrange with the priest, "Stone Boat," that if he obtained permission and all was settled satisfactorily he was to return to us on the 1st day of the 2nd moon.

Thus the new month brought to me an added interest and new responsibility, for on the day set, true to his word, Soo Chun returned. But not alone. With him there was a dull-looking, stupid fellow, shabbily dressed, a complete contrast to the gentlemanly guide. Two boys? One added member to the family would be a financial strain and responsibility, certainly I could not take two! Doubtless my words and expression showed my surprise and consternation.

No paid defender could have pleaded more earnestly, or have raised more eloquent argument in defence of the shabby little com-



panion. It seemed that this second little fellow was far less fortunate than he, being virtually the slave of the cruel priest at the little temple outside West Gate at which Soo Chun and his master had stopped while in Seoul. Took Soon, for this was the boy's name, had very evidently been badly treated. There were many marks on his thin body, marks of the daily beatings given to drive him out on the streets to beg for food to carry back to the priest-master.

It would have taken harder hearts than were ours to turn away from the eloquent plea of Soo Chun for his little ragamalion friend. The two lads lived in a room in the yard and cooked their food in our kitchen. They attended the church primary school and did odd jobs and errands about the place. Soo Chun rapidly developed attractive qualities and became a splendid student. His humble companion, however, fell behind in his classes. It was very plain that he would never become a student. As soon as it was possible Took Soon found work as a servant in the home of another missionary.

Some years passed. Soo Chun had his ups and downs as do most boys of his age. He had boundless energy and the path of knowledge was slow. He was active and ambitious, there were many things he wanted to test and he wanted to make money for himself. We knew that reasoning would be of no avail, he would have to test the world for himself. He wanted to try his wings and we, his friends, would not hold him back. So one day he left us; with our full consent he passed out of the door which he himself had opened. Our hearts ached in the weeks that followed. We loved the boy. What trials or temptations might he not have fallen into? We had no word from Soo Chun. It was ever thus: impatient youth must try its strength. There is the fluttering on the ground: the risk of never rising; the enemies that wait to devour. Over and over I prayed silently, "Thou who dost heed the sparrow's fall, Lord, keep our boy."

Then one day Soo Chun came back home! He had found the world was cruel and hard. He had faced starvation and bitter suffering without money or friends. Very humbly he begged for forgiveness. He realized now, as he had not before, what real friendship meant. That was a happy day for us. Our boy still loved us; he had come home! Who does not know the thrill of such moments? The sweetest love shadowed by the sense of loss and then the joy of restored treasure.

Soo Chun now applied himself to study more earnestly than ever before to make up for lost time. He was willing, glad to work, and to work hard to finish his education. When he was ready to go to high school we felt that it would be wise for him to go to our mission academy in Songdo, the Anglo-Korean School, as it was called at that time. From that time he worked in the Industrial Department of the school, weaving and spinning, earning most of his tuition and board, though we helped him until he graduated.

Through those years he kept a careful account of the amount received from us, though we never said anything about its return. Soo Chun was desirous of the best. He had set himself to acquire an education. He was not satisfied until he was able to work his way through Chosen Christian College. He gave himself a commercial course at the College while earning his expenses by working as secretary at the Women's Hospital at East Gate, Seoul. After graduating he had no difficulty in obtaining a position as secretary.

Our boy is again with us—while I am telling this story. As Presiding Elder of the Songdo District and Superintendent of the Central Institutional Church, I have need of such an honest, faithful assistant and secretary. Soo Chun is just the man I need, he is indeed my right hand, I should be lost without him.

From the time he commenced to earn a salary Soo Chun began to send us regularly ₩ 20.00 (\$10.00) per month. Though we had never asked him to repay anything and his loyal heart comprehended the fact that love



can only be repaid by love, yet he wished by this symbol to show his appreciation. We accepted the money for a while and then took the opportunity of his marriage to remit all that he felt he owed us. He now has a comfortable, happy home, a sweet little wife and a dear baby. Young as he is he has purchased and paid for his house which in this land means affluence and comfort. He is respected and loved by all who know him, for he is giving real service to his church and community.

Kim Soo Chun is a splendid example of the kind of student the mission school tries to help. He does not disdain work while he climbs higher and seeks broader vision, new horizons. He has kept the affection of those who loved and cared for him when he was little and helpless. Ours is a happy, complacent love in which there is no regret. How glad we are that we did not turn away the little stranger, the little Buddhist acolyte, from our door!

## A Saint's Home Going



SAINTLY LIFE ended in Wonsan when God called Mrs. Malcolm C. Fenwick, a sister beloved, to her rest on January 20th. A sudden fall, causing fractured bones, resulted in an illness which her strength could not resist and in four short weeks the struggle was over.

The foreign community gathered with the bereft Korean friends for the interment on the hillside just below their home and overlooking beautiful Broughton Bay. Mr. Fenwick was confined to bed but Korean pastors of his Mission, with Dr. D. M. McRae of Hamheung, had the service in charge. Loving hands had made a simple casket beautiful and friends were granted one last look at the lovely face in its repose.

A Korean son and daughter gave devoted filial care throughout the illness. The testimony of the former was "in all the twenty years that I have known her so intimately I have never seen her even ruffled by any circumstances." So close did she live to her Lord and so steadily was her life irradiated by His grace.

As Miss Fanny Hinds she reached Korea in 1898. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, South, having taken training in Dr. A. J. Gordon's Bible School, Claredon Street Church, Boston. She was stationed at Songdo on her arrival and

associated with Miss Arena Carroll in evangelistic work prior to the opening of the present extensive educational enterprises of that city.

Her marriage shortly after brought her to Wonsan where she has labored with her husband in devoted and untiring service. During one term when Mr. Fenwick was on furlough in America she superintended their mission until his return. At another period she suffered from a serious illness and was recuperated by a long voyage to America via the ports.

Her fine knowledge of Korean gave her close contact with the Christians of her church and great ability in Bible study classes. Her gracious courtesy endeared her to her foreign friends who ever were impressed by her deep spirituality.

Her last term of service has extended from 1923, a long decade spent in active, loving toil for her Master and the members of His flock in Korea to whom He had given her a precious ministry. Not often shall we know one so happy in consecration, so gracious in all associations with her fellows, so essential to home and church, so faithful in testimony to the Lord she loved. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. Fenwick in this hour of sore bereavement.

E. A. MCCULLY.



# Rural Christianity at Work

F. S. MILLER

## I. A New Idea



HOW WONDER PAK turned pale when he saw his ox break through the ice, practically dragging his home and his living down into the swift, black waters.

With Pak, as with all Korean farmers, the loss of an ox is no small matter, for next to his house the ox is his most valuable possession, in fact the owner may have mortgaged his house to buy the ox. But the ox is well worth the purchase price, since he enables his owner to support the old folks and his wife and children during the winter months when, without an ox, the farmer could not get his grain and wood to market or carry fertilizer to his fields. The ferry had stopped when the river froze. But the chill winds that robbed the ferrymen of their fees made the hearts of the farmers and merchant-woodmen glad, for now they could cross without paying a good share of their day's profits for the privilege. However, the ferrymen did not desert the river just because it happened to be frozen. They watched the comings and goings of their former customers sourly, muttering to one another.

"Just wait till the ice becomes porous and the oxen begin to break through. We'll see who comes out ahead when we collect at our own rate for saving a live ox, or go more slowly and pay our own price for a dead one. We shall have our ropes ready for the first beast that sinks. We'll make up for the days of free passage of the river."

When Pak reached the ice he walked carefully ahead of his ox, offering a prayer to Buddha or to the spirit of his cowshed. But before he had gone far he heard a cracking round behind him, while a tug on the rope told him his ox had stopped. Throwing down the leading rope he ran to the shore, filled the skirt of his long muslin coat with sand,

sprinkled it in a half circle around the weak place to keep the ox from slipping and led him to a safer road.

Then, without any warning, there came a loud crunching sound and a series of frantic tugs on the rope. Before Pak could turn around the fore legs of the ox had sunk through the ice and as the animal struggled his hind quarters slid in. Pak's knees began to knock together and his face turned almost white.

The watching ferrymen gathered up their ropes and sticks and started up the river. But a missionary with a gang of coolies was putting up ice, using a stout rope stretched from the river to the top of the cliff. He told his men to loosen the rope and to use it and their poles to save the ox.

Seeing a chance to get ahead of the ferrymen they hurried across the ice. Two men held one end of the rope in front of the ox while two more circled the whole with the other end and worked the loop under the animal's haunches. Others so placed their poles as to make a slide in front of him. With a few pulls they had him on to the ice and dragged to the shore before he could rise.

The ferry-men gathered round to see how much the icemen were going to make out of it. When Pak asked the price the missionary said, "Do not thank us, thank God, go in peace and learn all you can about the Jesus doctrine. Ask Jesus to save you from your sins just as these men have saved your ox from the water, that is all."

Pak went up the bank making bow after bow as he climbed. The icemen went happily back to their work. The ferry-men returned to their lodge saying, "What will become of our ancient and honored customs if these Jesus Doctrine people have their way? They will spoil everything for us."



## II. A Mother in Israel

"I used to dislike Mrs. Ho because she was so positive and outspoken in her manner, but I have come to believe that of all the people in Chungan she has had the greatest part in building up the Christian congregation and church."

These words impressed me because the speaker was not a Christian and made no pretext of even being interested in Christianity. But when he saw the quality of the people who attend the church, how a gruff cattle merchant, full of fight, became comparatively quiet and gentle after his conversion; how the young men of the church escaped the snare of wine shops, gambling dens and worse resorts; how a large group of children are being taught and trained up into a clean and gentle youths; he had become convinced that the greatest force for good in that market town was the Christian Church and the leading worker in it has been Mrs. Ho.

She is the widow of an ex-magistrate in the Chungju district. Her husband died in stubborn unbelief in Christ and her stepsons have refused to yield to her efforts to win them to her Savior. Two of their sons, whom she raised, drew into the church and married Christian wives yet have both gone back to the world, at least temporarily. Still she has persevered in her faith and works. Her own daughter and grandson are earnest Christians.

Sometimes she has been grieved at the failure of some of the male members of the church, but by prayer and exhortation she has helped to win them back. She contributed liberally to build the church, raising a calf by her own hands to sell as her share of the col-

lection, and she gave the trees to use in the bell-tower. She has been liberal in her entertainment of workers whom the church has imported to help save the town.

No doubt she had a hand in the election of one of the elders of the church as president of the town guild, and helped him when he proposed that all the farmers in the town should stop giving beer to their farmhands and that any one so doing should be fined. For the first time in the history of the town the harvest had been gathered in and threshed by sober farmhands unstimulated to over-exertion by alcohol. Only about five families had to pay the fine.

Being the widow of an ex-magistrate she is the superior of nearly all the town women and has put her influence at the service of her Lord. If anything has to be said to the local officials in behalf of the church she is listened to with respect. Her back is bent with her weight of years but her face is bright and her smiles pleasant. If you were to visit her church she would welcome you with a hearty greeting and invite you to her clean apartment in her daughter's yard and set before you a bowl of vermicelli decorated with yolks of egg fried and cut into narrow strips and red peppers cut fine over chopped meat. You would enjoy it, too, though you broke all the rules of Eastern etiquette trying to get the long ropes into your mouth with chopsticks.

Mrs. Ho's age is beginning to tell on her and we may soon receive a notice of her departure written on mulberry bark paper with a brush pen. When her call comes non-believers and Christians will unite to mourn for her and to give her a worthy funeral. On her tombstone they may truthfully inscribe: "A Mother in Israel."





# Gold, Good Measure Running Over

Being an account of Korea's great evangelist, Kim Ik Doo

VICTOR WELLINGTON PETERS

## Chapter Three. The Measure Runs Over.

**Q**UEER ISN'T IT, how lightly we consider names. When the new baby is to be christened, the weightiest concerns that bear down upon us are how to compliment both Grandma Shafer and doting Aunt Sophia, and at the same time negotiate a euphonious combination between the two. Custom kindly relieves Korean parents of the necessity of winning the hearts of rich relatives with namesakes, but imposes even more exacting rules regarding the rotation of certain characters every five generations. For refuge from this perplexing question of names the Puritans fled to the Scriptures and, after extracting Ichabod and Ebenezer, went on to texts. We meet such friends as the Lord-is-my-shepherd Barebones. But look there we may, it is hard to find any such simple, meaningful beauty as this: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." When we pray "in Jesus' name" the words should serve more than as a signal that we are winding up. The Spirit has given the Lord Jesus one hundred and fifty names; even these are merely suggestive, they cannot exhaust the description of Him who is the effulgence of God's glory, in whom all fulness dwells. Which ever name of the list we choose, it should stand in our minds as the representative of His Person, the earnest that our prayer has availed with God.

There are good things spoiled by poor names; there are good names which make only more noticeable the emptiness they are intended to cover. Then there are those few happy occasions when a good name meets its full realization. The name of Kim Ik Doo for example. In this story I am trying to show how that name stands for the

person; its title is a free rendering of the Chinese characters into English. Kim, the "Gold" part of it, came to him by inheritance, and nobody had any choice; yet I think the story up to this point has served at least to show how amply he came to live up to its meaning. Ik Doo, the "Good Measure Running Over" part of it, also proved to be more than a nice name.

The measure has been outlined already, the first measure, and then the good measure. His love for the Bible, his special fervor and power in prayer, his energy in preaching the gospel, his successes; all the elements that have made the name of Kim Ik Doo famous, put in their appearance in the opening chapters. Now we shall see how these were but the shadow of greater events to come. The measure now runs over. We see Pastor Kim Ik Doo in the fulness of his powers.

Originally Pastor Kim, like most Christians, felt that the power to raise the dying, make the lame to walk, and the blind to see by the laying on of hands in prayer, belonged to the prophets and apostles of old, but not to ordinary church members nor to this dispensation. There were many times when he spent whole nights in prayer and fasted two or three days together for personal holiness and the revival of the Church, but the times when he gave himself to prayer for the healing of serious diseases and deformities were few.

One time in the early days at Faith Stream (Sinchun), when he saw a forlorn cripple at the corner of a house, he made sure that no one was near and then knelt down and prayed. Feeling certain that God would answer prayer for healing, he then grasped the startled man and commanded him to get up. When the poor, ignorant fellow sat stolid, wondering



what it was all about, Pastor Kim was so embarrassed that he ran away to hide himself. After this he was anxious to avoid another such predicament.

But in October, 1919, as related in the preceding chapter, he and another pastor fell to discussing the passage in Mark 16:17, 18. As was said already, it stirred some deep considerations. From then on he began to pray earnestly for the gift of healing. Just a month later, returning to his church at Faith Stream, he saw a woman member suffering and on the spot offered believing prayer for her recovery. The next day, seeing her completely well, he was confirmed in his new faith.

Very soon after this, in December, 1919, he went south to Black's Abundance (Hyunpoong) to lead a Bible class. Among the several hundred attendants there came one well-known wretched creature whose lower jaw had become dislocated ten years before, and bleeding according to the ancient method, eight months of treatment, and an operation, all had not availed to restore it. Hence he had always to go about unable to utter a word, holding a handkerchief over his gaping mouth, and wearing a bib to catch the dribble. With no one to care for him he lived a beggar's life, going from house to house and knocking at the gate with a stick. When anyone answered, he would point to his mouth. Upon receiving a handful of cold rice he would go aside to a quiet place, lie down, put a bit of rice in his mouth, and pour a little water in, swallowing as he rose up. The laborious process would be repeated until the rice was gone. In this way for ten years he had maintained a precarious existence, and had become known throughout the country as "The Stick Beggar." Three years before this, he had heard the gospel somewhere; and feeling that he had nothing to hope for in this world, only blessing in the next, he had believed in the Lord, attended church every Sunday, and now came to the Bible class.

One day after class Pastor Kim, unable to

bear longer the sight of this man's forlorn condition, began to pray for his recovery, and thereafter each day before and after the study hour. As there was no change after two days, the other Christians said there was no use praying for such a hopeless case as that. To test whether God had not answered because he had asked wrongly or because he had lacked the required earnestness, Kim fasted the third day from morning till night.

The following morning after breaking his fast, but before classes had begun, he heard a commotion in the opposite room. A crowd came to him bringing the beggar and crying out, "Teacher, look! look!" Pastor Kim hurried out and saw the beggar with his jaw in place. Returning to the room he picked up a dried persimmon that was there and asked the man to eat it. Able to chew it naturally, he danced about exclaiming, "Good! Good!" the first words he had uttered in ten years. Then he began singing, "Hover O'er Me, Holy Spirit," a favorite hymn in Korean churches. Although Pastor Kim had prayed and even fasted for this very thing, when it came to pass before his eyes he was so amazed and grateful that fear seized him and his whole frame shook.

"Such is the power of God!" he thought to himself.

In the praise service which followed, many in their prayers confessed, "Lord, I thought there was no use praying for such a thing, but since thou hast manifested thy power I see what a sinner I am."

It was as when the early Church prayed for the imprisoned Peter, and then did not believe when he stood released at the door.

"Stick Beggar's" name was Pak Soo Jin (meaning, "Keeping the truth, or genuine"); but Pastor Kim, in recognition of the grace he had received, gave him a new name, Soo Un, meaning, "Received Grace." The Christians took up a collection and gave him a suit of clothes. Later when Dr. G. S. McCune was holding a large meeting in Taiku, he testified to the Lord's power in healing. The Chris-



tians there gave him seventy yen. He lived only seven or eight months after his healing, dying the next summer in Taiku, grateful to the end for the grace he had received.

This marked the real beginning of Pastor Kim's ministry to the sick. In 1920 at Good Luck Mountain (Kyungsan), near Taiku, in another meeting a Christian woman named Kim Sung Yul called for Pastor Kim to pray for her daughter who was afflicted with a great swelling in her stomach. He laid his hands on her and prayed for several days, and she was healed little by little. This was the beginning of his laying on of hands in prayer for the sick.

Going then to Taiku, his fame went before him, and great multitudes of all kinds of sick people gathered. The meeting lasted eighteen days, and hundreds of sick besieged him for prayer as he passed along the street and even at night, so that he could not sleep. Hundreds received healing; thousands pressed in to study the Bible in the day; more thousands came for the preaching services at night. Eight hundred and eight new believers were counted.

"I cannot tell it all," Pastor Kim paused to remark, as he recounted those stirring days; "the story is too long, and I've forgotten much."

It happened at this time that the Christian school had to have a new building, and Pastor Kim and the thousands gathered in the revival were praying for it. The need was estimated at thirty thousand yen. He felt that was an impossible sum to raised, but when the collection was taken it amounted to thirty-six thousand.

Many meetings throughout the country followed, each one attended by two or three thousand and all marked by miracles of healing. After this came a meeting in Seoul at which ten thousand gathered. One of the interesting healings here was that of a crippled woman unable to take a step. She is still well, living now in the country. Seven thousand yen was contributed at this meeting for send-

ing out special evangelistic workers. This included gifts of gold and silver rings and ornaments, wearing apparel, and countless articles. It so happened that a party of English and American delegates returning from the World's Sunday School Convention at Tokyo visited this revival meeting, saw this remarkable collection, paid a good price for the articles, and took them home to show as they spread the news of Korea's great awakening.

"Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war."

Returning to the south, at Golden Sea (Kimhai) two thousand gathered for a revival and although the congregation was small ten thousand yen was given for a new church building. Then to the north he went, and in Pyengyang three or four thousand gathered, and with the seventy thousand yen contributed Hyoon In High School was established. In Songdo for a week seven or eight thousand gathered, one night ten thousand, at South Ward Church; about eight hundred new Christians were added, and out of this meeting two or three new churches were established.

At Chairyung two or three thousand gathered in a revival and gave twelve or thirteen thousand yen to build a church. At Faith Stream over two thousand met, and with the offering a grammar school was established.

After traveling in many places, Pastor Kim went to a county seat, Highland (Koheung), in the extreme south-western province. Here it was arranged that he should stay with a rich Christian whose wife was a paralytic. Although the man had been a believer some ten years, he did not understand the way perfectly, not yet having broken with tobacco and ancestral sacrifices. Pastor Kim did not know it at the time, but the church people had a reason in sending him to this home. Their hope was that the wife would be healed, the man soundly converted, and that like Zachaeus he would give half his goods to the poor, the poor in this case being the church,



which was trying to raise a new building fund. He prayed for the woman, but she was not healed. Then there came a man thirty-two years old who had been a cripple for ten years. He shortly received healing and was able to walk everywhere. The rich man, seeing this, became very fearful, thinking that his own sins had stood in the way of his wife's healing. He repented, gave a thousand yen to the church, and remained a faithful Christian. The total amount received in this meeting for the new church came to thirty-six hundred yen.

In Long Place (Youngju), a country seat in North Kyungsang Province, where five or six hundred people were meeting for a revival, an eleven years old girl named Chung Do Sook, a cripple from birth, came from another village to the meeting. Her feet were so badly deformed that she walked on the top of them. On leaving home she said to her father:

"Buy me a pair of shoes." "Why?" he asked in astonishment. "Because, when I get back from the meeting I shall need them," was her simple reply. The father was not one who prayed for good weather and then took his umbrella along; he bought the shoes and gave them to his daughter before she left so that she could wear them back. At the meeting after one prayer she was completely healed, put on her shoes, and went back leaping with joy. Many came to see her. The chief of police, when he saw her, remarked, "Those who say there is no God are very base fellows." As a result, the blessing overflowed to this girl's home church, they had a revival and grew to be a large and flourishing congregation.

In Good Luck Place (Kyungju) a thousand met in the open for a revival. A teacher, formerly employed in a government school, but now teaching in a church school, came to Pastor Kim saying he did not believe in the deity of Christ, and asked for evidence. Al-

though Pastor Kim talked with him, he could not alter his skepticism. But Christ had a greater witness than John the Baptist or Pastor Kim; the works that He did bore witness. In this revival there were three healings. First, a man who had been bedfast for three months was brought on his bed and received healing, his pain ceased, and he arose and walked away. The second was a woman with one leg drawn up. After prayer it was straightened, and she walked away. The third was a fifteen years old boy who had been blind two or three years as the result of a snake bite, and he went away seeing. The skeptical teacher saw all these and came and offered apologies, confessed his faith in the deity of Christ, and asked for prayer for himself with the laying on of hands.

It was now seventeen months since the healing of the dislocated jaw, and in that time Pastor Kim had preached to about 170,000 people, among whom were about twenty thousand new believers, and ¥ 170,000 had been collected for schools and churches. All this packed into seventeen brief months, pressed down and running over into the years down to the present and on to eternity.

The Lord's word is true: "He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."

Yet again, there is another word of His. He asks us to remember: "The servant is not above his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you. Because I have chosen you out of the world, the world hateth you." Even in the house of his friends Pastor Kim became the butt of much criticism, was considered crazy, his work labeled as superstition; among his enemies he was oft in peril, in effigy was once nailed to a cross, and three times he faced death. But this part of the story we must leave for another chapter.

The stories of healing are as told by Pastor Kim to Mr. Peters—*Editor, K. M. F.*



# Station Brevities

## A Travelling School for Rural Women

"After much prayer, and thinking how a large number of women and young girls could be reached, I started a 'Travelling School'. I selected a center with a twenty-mile radius as one working unit, and started a school in three villages. The procedure of starting a Travelling School is like this: I get acquainted with the leading family in that village. We talk about some familiar topics which create a common interest and discover needs. The object of visiting is, of course, to stimulate their desire for learning a better, happier and richer life than they have now. We set a time to meet once a week.

On the date set from twenty to fifty women and children get together, under a tree in late fall or early spring, or in any large house in winter. We start the class by learning singing. It is the first time in each woman's life that she has tried to sing. She can hardly produce any voice at all, but she gradually learns how to sing and enjoys it.

Then the Bible story comes next. I wish you could see their faces glow when I tell them how Jesus frees women. They ask, "Is that your religion? Is that why you learned? Do tell us more about Him. From today, we, too, determine to start a new life according to His teachings."

Then we play games. As with singing, it is the first time for them to learn to play games, ever since they were married. They run, jump and scream like children when they play games. Once again they all become children and forget their sorrows and troubles. Through playing games they learn to work together.

After games, we talk how to make a home and community a better and happier place to live in. A very practical subject is chosen and studied each week. Some of the subjects are sanitation and health, child care, food, clothing, education of children, etc. If they want to learn the alphabet we teach that also." (Taken from a report of Mrs. Pak Induk, on her work among rural women).

## Country Church Clinics

The Seoul Station of the Northern Presbyterian Mission has initiated regular clinics in churches on all four sides of the city, testing out the value of medical work as a direct evangelistic agency even in these days of many doctors and well equipped hospitals. A doctor of many years' experience has been set aside for this work three or four days a week, and clinics have been held five times in an old, old run-down suburban church, four times in a new church on the railway an hour south of Seoul, and in eight

other places. Even with the first 500 marks not quite attained, there seems to be evidence of real worth in such an experiment.

Howls of "I have no money" from a nine year old boy attracted the assistant, and more howls when assured we wouldn't take money if he didn't have it, as even the nominal price of medicine is reduced to the vanishing point in cases of evident need. But the howls were a ruse to get out of what he thought would be a painful treatment, and ceased when warm compresses loosened the scabs and a few layers of dirt on the infected hand, and a pad of soothing ointment was bound on. And the ten sen for the box of ointment was forthcoming!

Another nine year old boy, son of a widow, howled too, but if you had sat for two hours on a wooden bench while 1735 c. c. of thick pus was being drawn from your pleural cavity with a tiny 5 c. c. syringe and not even a local anesthetic, perhaps, just barely perhaps, something would have been heard from you!

The mother of a baby with head capped by eczema, slipped the ointment tins back on the table, for she had no money. Of course they were sent to her when found in packing up. A week later you wouldn't have recognized the child—only a few red areas left, and a baby sweet enough to cuddle, whereas we had not wanted to touch it before.

A little girl came, her face a mass of black scabs. An hour's work, and clean dressings replaced the gummy black rag; the little mite, alone in the midst of strange foreigners, trembling the whole ordeal through, but making no sound. The work finished, one felt repaid and uplifted by Him Who set that little child beside Him long ago.

## Short Items of Interest

The Language School is again in session in Seoul.

The first graduating class of the Home Economics Department of Ewha College had an Exhibition of their work on Saturday, February 18th, to which the public was invited.

Special religious services were held at the Chosen Christian College for two hours daily from January 23rd to 28th. The meetings were an inspiration and blessing to both faculty and students.

Revival services were held in Chulwon for four days in the latter part of January. Large crowds attended the services and 54 decisions for Christianity were made.



# Educational Developments at Po Hung Girls' School, Hoiryung.

FRANCES BONWICK



ANYONE WHO HAS had experience in educational work in the Orient knows that cooperation with and, as far as is possible, acquiescence in the requirements of the authorities go a long way in helping a school to take its place in the community. And, as a Mission school, we believe that our school offers something over and above mere academic values—Christian character values.

Speaking of adherence to Government regulations, this year we have tried to raise the standard of the school (1) by adding to the school equipment. At the beginning of the school year the total grant for equipment was announced so that the staff know its possibilities and limits. It was figured out approximately what amount of charts, reference books and scientific equipment could be ordered each month and orders for things most needed were brought in accordingly every month. (2) In the spring we were fortunate in acquiring a fine man of long experience and educated in Japan. His coming also meant that the Japanese teacher could be released to devote some of her teaching periods to every class in the primary department but two. This is one of the hardest subjects to raise to standard.

By way of giving the girls a definite aim to work for, and in order to give the public a chance to see what they are doing, a bazaar was held in the school for two days, November 22nd and 23rd. Needlework and handicrafts held the chief place in regard to decorativeness, but space was also given to some good drawing and intricate Chinese and Japanese character brushwork. On the first day so many people were heard to question the actual production of albums, etc., in our school that the teacher responsible decided to convince the doubters by placing the material

in process of assemblage on view too. The mayor and district magistrate, as well as many other officials, came and were very appreciative in their remarks.

Character development cannot be measured so accurately as assimilation of knowledge, but it is possible to note the growth of character through numerous little incidents and attitudes. For the first year High School girls, most of whom came straight from the government schools with no appreciation of Christianity, we took a lot of interest in preparing an introductory Bible course and seeing it work out satisfactorily. One of the ways in which our girls show their interest in what the school stands for is by attending Sunday School and church regularly. We tell them that they can worship by singing well and this year the girls have improved so much that they are actually the leaders in the congregational singing. In the High School department at present besides a few baptised students there are 14 catechumens. Another significant way in which the girls show their loyalty to Christian principles is the relation they maintain with the church after we lose direct touch with them. Almost all the girl teachers in the Junior Sunday school are our graduates and several of the girls who went out this year found places as assistants in the local kindergarten.

We are hoping that even in schools the reduced budget for 1933 will succeed in making the Christian community feel more materially responsible for their own institutions. To meet the need partially our school Board decided to increase the fees for the first and second year primary from April of this year. This change will not bring in any considerable amount, but it will serve to shift the burden of support a little in the right direction.

As treasurer of the local W. M. S. I have



been interested to watch the reaction of the group. Their viewpoint is splendid. Next year they will receive no Mission money to help in the support of their Biblewoman. But as a society their contribution to the Presbyterian (eight-tenths of which is returned to help to pay a Biblewoman's salary) is considerably more than last year's. And the church has gone a step further by undertaking to make up the balance of her salary, thus constituting itself as a wholly independ-

ent church.

I cannot write the last words of this report without mentioning once more what one is reminded of every day in our school—the need for more room. For the 175 small children in our basement rooms, straining their eyes because of the insufficient light, and breathing in dust that comes eddying in through the windows at ground level, one feels that an extra storey is an absolute necessity.

## An English Discussion Group

(A group of wide-awake young men, members of the Soo Pyo Kyo English Bible Class, meets every Monday evening at the Center, Seoul, in a discussion group. Their attention is given to a wide range of subjects—economic, social and religious. We think that the following findings of this group will prove of interest and value to all Christian workers. —Editor K. M. F.)

### *I.—What Kind of a Pastor do Korean Young People Need?*

1. A pastor who has the experience of the living Christ.
2. One who knows the needs of young people and can answer them.
3. One who is a devout, faithful follower of Christ.
4. One who has faith as a foundation to character.
5. A man of Christlike love and sympathetic understanding.
6. One who is scientifically up-to-date in his method of study and research.
7. One who realizes the need of good books and who is willing to sacrifice in order to get them.
8. One who knows modern social and economic problems and who is trying to find some way to solve them.
9. One who maintains a proper balance between the old tradition and modern ways.
10. One who has good health, a commanding presence and a good voice.
11. One who is a friend to the poor.
12. One who can lead others to Christ.
13. Though a man of high ideals he must be practical and able to work out these ideals in every day life, not merely seeing the importance of the future life but also of the here and now.

### *II.—How can a Young Man be a Good Church Member?*

1. He must be a regular church attendant.
2. He must love his Church.
3. Cooperate with his pastor in order to build the best Church.
4. He must be faithful to his fellow members and pastor.
5. He must be liberal in financial help and generous in dealing with faults.
6. He must be willing to work with others in humility.
7. He must be honest.
8. He must have a scientific attitude towards life.
9. He must have faith in and loyalty to Jesus Christ and a personal experience of Him.
10. He must fulfil obligations assigned to him.
11. He must be a constructive, not a destructive critic.
12. He must read the Bible, pray and study the meaning of spiritual things.
13. He must realize the importance of the Church as an organization to fight evil.
14. He must have the missionary spirit and a loving attitude towards non-Christians in order to lead them to Christ.
15. He must practise following our Lord's words.



# Digging Bait for Peter in College and Country Clinics

R. K. SMITH, M. D.



AS A BOY I was an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton—type of that fisher of men, Simon Peter. Prior to each excursion to creek or river I had to fill my bait can. If there had been recent rains the worms were easy to find, but if the land were dry and thirsty only in the sweat of my brow could the can be filled, and then some of the worms were small, some broken and imperfect. The station committee, in asking us to conduct clinics in country churches, assumed responsibility for the evangelistic follow up work—ours to prepare the way and open hearts by medical service, thus fulfilling our evangelistic responsibility under the Great Commission, "Go, heal," for we consider our call to preach with our hands to be not one whit less evangelistic than the other man's call to preach with his lips.

The assignment given us when we came to Seoul on Oct. 14th was "First, Medical Officer of the Chosen Christian College and the community around the College, foreign and otherwise; Second, to develop in that district such medical-evangelistic clinics as opportunity would offer in the immediate vicinity and in the nearby villages."

*The College Clinic.* The College staff has been concerned over the twenty-one deaths which have occurred among the 342 alumni of the College in the past 13 years. Of these six have been from typhoid (which might have been prevented), two from heart trouble, one from stomach trouble, one from cause unknown and eleven from tuberculosis. It was clear that the white plague was for this group the Master of the Men of Death. And why? Was it due to conditions prior to or during school days, or following graduations? Over the latter we could have little control except through advice and education, but as regards the former, responsibility could not be small.

Obviously the first thing on the program was to make a thoroughgoing examination of the student body. An office was fitted up and individual student examinations were begun on Nov. 1st and pushed as rapidly as possible.

The results were embodied in a report to the faculty which at their request was presented to the student body itself in two chapel periods. Just a few of the findings are given here:

Number of students examined	239	
Number married	90	27%
43 of these married have 63 children, an average of 1.4 per family,		
Defective vision	...	31%
of which 70% were uncorrected or unsatisfactorily corrected.		
Defective hearing	...	5%
Trachoma	...	1.7%
Chronic conjunctivitis	...	20%
Nasal troubles	...	36%
Enlarged tonsils	...	17%
Defective teeth	14	6%
Heart disorders	5	4%
Defective postures	...	15%
Potential lung disorders 16%, of which 16 individuals constitute 30% of the Senior class.		
Of 114 stool examinations, 27% showed the presence of hookworm and 37% of round worm.		

In addition to these pathological findings, a complete series of anthropometric measurements has been taken, which, when compared with the report of other examinations 15 to 20 years ago seems to indicate a slight increase in stature and weight in the Korean student class. The numbers examined are still too small to justify final conclusions.

The outstanding impression we have received from this series of examinations is that the C. C. C. students are sport conscious rather than health conscious, and that even in their sports they need a physical training program which shall look to the development of the



physique and the health of each man in school rather than the development of star players. Such a program should go far toward staying the ravages of the tubercle bacillus. Certainly there is need for a program of health service and instruction in the C. C. C. if we would meet our full measure of responsibility to the students. Incidentally, we have had almost as many student and faculty consultations and treatments as physical examinations.

*Country Clinics.* Even before the student work began the country clinics had been started in the nearby villages as my assignment directed; our second Sunday after arrival in the station was spent in the country with Dr. Underwood, when we saw patients after service in two churches. Three times we examined babies of the Faculty Mother Club. On Oct. 26th we held our first real clinic at Chantari with an attendance of 27. In December a Committee was appointed to supervise our work and the scope of the clinics was enlarged to take in three regular appointments: North, East and South of Seoul, one reachable by train only, one by auto only and one by either train or auto. Other clinics have been held as follows:—Anyang, 7, Kimyang 1, Haingju 1, Samai 2 and Kyunmokni 3. In all 25 clinics with an attendance of 642. Each clinic is opened with prayer and where there are enough Christians with a hymn. The church leader or helper, when present, makes a short talk explaining the reason for our visit and, as tracts are distributed to the non-Christians, the Gospel message is given and invitations extended to attend the regular church services. While the clinic proceeds the hygiene charts hung around the walls become topics of inquiry and explanation from which many a new idea is carried away to germinate latter. Altogether we have examined and treated 1195 including 92 calls in homes.

Since in many places there are native graduate physicians with neat little plants adequate from an Oriental viewpoint, we have never wanted to alter that view—for effective work

for Orientals on a sanitary, modern basis can be done by native doctors where we westerners would find it personally difficult. Chairs and tables? Yes, we must have them, and high beds and a lot of things, but to find the minimum seems now to be *our* task—a bench and a table and a stool and a wood fire in a rickety stove close by, the doctor and his bag and patients seem all that is necessary to do something. The old idea that Mark Hopkins and a pupil and a log were all that was necessary for a liberal education has just been corrected by a magazine writer, in that it was a log house that was needed and was a plea for the best of faculty even though college building programme lagged, that a real teacher was of infinite value and without him no amount of architectural swagger would avail. We can go Mark Hopkins one better by hanging a sheet at the back of our bench to keep the heat from all going out at the cracks in the wall, and then at will swinging it over the heads of doctor and patient so as to put them in a private consulting room with the gaping crowd of spectators on the other side of the partition. Not all the doctors in this land are Oslers but even the poorest of them can spend an afternoon a week on a church bench in some village which does not have a regular doctor and do his own soul good.

A foreign doctor can lead the way but ought not go it alone! And eventually a hospital connection must be established, for one cannot long hold the respect of the people if he treats easy cases only and leaves to their fate the real sufferers. For example, the first day a little girl came to the Anyang clinic with a useless finger which must be amputated before she can do real work, and active sinuses in her foot and leg—it was all very well to tell her hospitalization was the only thing for her and that before other bones become infected. Well, no doctor will last long with the people, nor with himself at that rate! The child came barefoot and with no adult, presumable from an unbelieving poor home,



but the local Bible-woman must be put on the job and eventually a way found for the child's treatment. Then there is the boy from whom we removed 1735 c. c. of pleural pus (with a 5 c.c. syringe—just count the times). The mother is a widow, poor as can be, an unbeliever, and this was her precious nine year old son. A native sub of a doctor had removed some pus and said twenty yen would be necessary before he did more—really not an exorbitant price to cure a boy of empyema—but there just wasn't any money. She was so happy last week when the boy needed no "chim" as no more pus had formed (having had a second withdrawal of pus the week before), but her face dropped again when I told her his inguinal hernia was an operative case and should be attended to as soon as he was over his present trouble or if it should become strangulated to rush him to a hospital at once.

How we have been carried back to the days of our first country work over twenty years ago when, after seeing the patients for the day, we laboriously counted the strings of cash and tried to make the total tally with the records. How we wished there no such thing as filthy lucre and the necessity of charges or any financial dealings with the patients! But now, as always, it seems wisest to make a charge for medicines even though the accompanying Gospel is free. As one patient wisely said, "The medicine won't be effective unless I pay for it." But we are glad to have an understanding with the church leaders and Bible-women that whenever they indicate anyone as worthy of charity it will be given.

For years we have cringed when we heard that this or that country doctor was not only not a help but was a hindrance to his village church. True, they are not always all we would wish them to be. None of us are. But all the help asked of such doctors may have been out of their line. If they could have been accorded opportunity to give such as they had—"Silver and gold have I none (it costs to set up in practice) neither have I

ability to preach or teach, but such as I have I give to thee,"—if there was some such possibility of service opened up to the young doctor harassed by debts, adjusting himself to his new surroundings, beginning to realise his vast ignorance and inadequacy, away from all sources of help and inspiration, perhaps there would be more happy relationships established with the local Christians, and fewer wrecks of former ideals. If, during one's medical course, country clinics were a regular part of training with full leeway for developing a real love of service in humble places, the gain to the student would be great and the adjustment to his own meagre equipment, when he sets up for himself, easier. He could drop hygiene hints individually or through lectures and periodic examinations and be a real aid to the church. We have been deeply impressed with the large number of needy, sick and suffering within just a few miles of Seoul who are not getting medical attention for one reason and another—poverty, inertia, ignorance.

*The work is not easy.* The hours are long and the strain heavy. Here is the diary of an actual day—Saturday, Feb. 4, 1933 (and not our hardest nor our longest either):

"Thermometer outside 7 degrees above zero; 8.15 A. M. call on Dr. Blank who has had a relapse with high fever; 8.50 get out car and prepare for the country trip; 9.20, just as wife and I are ready to start three students from the Folk School, expecting to leave tonight, come on a sudden decision to get tape and hook worm medicine. Load them in car and drive around to office at college and supply their requests; 9.45 leave for Anyang church, (10 miles distant) via the city to get supplies. Reach Anyang 11.15, unload and unpack. Eat lunch of sandwiches and fruit, 11.30, after prayer and explanations by Elder Yang, omitting singing because he says there are too few Christians in the group who alone would know any hymn; begin seeing patients and continue without let up until 6.10. Repack and reload and "hit fer home," 8.30 reach home. Go at once to call on Dr. Blank, 8.20

home again for supper wife has prepared on electric hot plate. 9.30 after checking over records for day—44 patients, receipts Yen 5.37, auto travel 38 miles—thank the Lord for privilege of co-working, turn the rest of the job over to Him and go to sleep hoping my subconscious mind will evolve some way to get that paper written for Medical Association next week.”

And how much we depend on the local church helpers! Last Saturday we arrived at 10:30, an hour earlier than ever before, but Elder Young had fire and hot water and benches all ready and kept the wood fire going until 6.45, alternating registration of patients, preaching and emptying the pus basin (for we had three deep abscesses and an emphysema case), with his chopping wood. If his fishing with the bait we provide doesn't land some fish on the celestial shore it will not be due to his lack of patient endeavor and humble service.

#### ON GIVING

“What! Giving again?” I asked in dismay,  
 “And must I keep giving and giving away?”  
 “Oh, no,” said the angel, piercing me through,  
 “Just give till the Father stops giving to you!”

—Selected.

#### “Laws of the Spirit of Life”

A misprint served rather to obscure the point of a paragraph in my article “Laws of the Spirit of Life” in the February issue of the KOREA MISSION FIELD; “learn” appeared for “lean.” The whole sentence should have read:—

“The wind blows where it “lists” or where it “leans.” It does not blow by caprice. In point of fact it always blows in one direction, and that direction, to a point of lowered atmospheric pressure.”

The American standard version differs from the King James' and the English revised versions in rendering “wills” for “lists.” That rendering does not really weaken the force of my analogy: for a deeper consideration of the nature of free will reveals that the freest and highest volition is neither causeless nor motiveless.

Our human free will has been defined as “The faculty of inclining towards or striving after some object intellectually apprehended as good.” The altogether good will always incline to the good object. Therein we realise the truth of the paradox of a well known hymn, “Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free.”

CHAS. I. MCLAREN.

#### DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who was the first Protestant missionary to Korea? ... (page 45)
2. How little Soo Chun found a good friend? ... (page 49)
3. Who was the godly woman that passed away at Wonsan? ... (page 51)
4. What remarkable instances of answers to prayer are given by Pastor Kim Ik Doo? (page 54)
5. What sort of a Pastor pleases our Korean young people? ... (page 60)
6. What a doctor's day in Korea may be like? ... (page 63)



# Things Move in Hamheung

WILLIAM SCOTT



THE VERY NAME of our city spells movement. "Ham" means all, and "heung" means progress; Hamheung means 'progress all along the line.'

That, at any rate, is our city's motto, even in these hard times. Last year we built our city hall and installed our first city mayor—a Japanese Christian, by the way. Since then the city hall and the mayor have lived up to expectations. Visitors tell us our streets are busy; we have grown so accustomed to it that something out of the ordinary is needed to make it noticeable. This year that something happened. We have often laughed at the city dweller's jibes at the street repairer. Well, we have had a taste of the real thing. The first stretch of paved road in the province has just been laid in our city. Another busy street has had new gutters installed and an embryo sidewalk begins to take shape. The old hillside park which the city has owned for generations but never developed now boasts an auto road which winds its way through quiet glades to a beautiful rock garden on the look-out point. A great wall of rock behind our compound, which had puzzled generations of Koreans to find a use for in their economy of life, has proved a veritable mine of stone for building and road construction. He erred who said there is nothing new under the sun, for the stone crusher has brought a new noise, the steam roller a new smoke screen, and the asphalt boilers a new smell, all in our city streets. The Provincial Government have received word that their estimate for a new government building—long overdue—has been granted and they hope to begin construction next spring.

What about the Christian forces in our city? They too have lived up to the city's motto. The year 1932 will remain a banner year in our records. It so happened that three of our four Christian schools carried on

building operations this year. The Boys' Primary school, run by the city churches, was destroyed by fire a year ago, and with the funds secured from insurance a much superior building has been erected. The long delayed Primary school for girls has been completed and adds greatly to the appearance of our compound and to the utility of our building. The large enrollment in our Boys' Academy compelled us to add a wing to the old building to provide room for next year's incoming class. The new auditorium is as fine a structure as you will meet with in Korea. We were fortunate in being able to carry through building operations at a time when prices were at their lowest.

Not in buildings only, but in the actual work of church and school and hospital, has the Christian movement been enriching the city life. Let me but call attention to one phase of it—the educational work of the church and mission. The extent to which the city is indebted to the Christian forces for educational facilities may be judged by the following facts: Of the three primary schools for boys in the city, one of them is conducted by the city churches. Of the four middle grade schools for boys, one is our mission Academy, the others being a Government High School, a Commercial School, and an Agricultural School. There are only two schools for girls in primary grades, and one of them is our mission school; while our Girls' Middle School holds the field entirely to itself. In other words, of the ten schools of primary and middle school grade in the city, four of them are provided by the generosity of Christian people. Though the Christian population numbers no more than one in twenty the number of students attending Christian schools is one out of every four. The present writer has given much thought to our educational work and he would like to state his conviction



that at no time has our school work shown greater promise or offered such a rich opportunity as at the present. We have the confidence of the government and of the Korean community, and we have built up a staff which is thoroughly capable from an academic point of view and loyal to the particular ideals of a Christian school.

## Eden

*Where is the Eden of the Blest ?  
That Eden fair of which the sons of Adam dream ?  
Is it by some idly flowing river  
Where fragrant flowers greet the eye,  
And langorous music lulls the soul  
To rest for ever ?  
Can this be that land  
For which I sigh ?*

*Ah ! tho' I find all earth-born bliss  
In fabled land of Heart's Desire,  
And bask in royal splendor ;  
Tho' in those perfumed bowers I listen  
To the sweetest music of the spheres,  
'Tis but the clanging brass of sounding cymbals  
If Love reign not.  
No, I will away, far from your tiresome immortality,  
If Love reign not !*

*Where Love is—there is the Eden of the Blest.  
Where loving hearts confide ;  
Where loving hearts forgive ;  
Where each for the other lives  
In selfless purity.*

*Eden is in my heart  
Tho' I dwell in the desert ;  
Tho' I live but a moment—  
That the eternal now,  
That the eternal here,  
With its eternal peace and joy and rest.*

*O, glorious Sun of Love !  
Thy beams effulgent, bright,  
Beat down in rays celestial  
On this poor barren heart.  
Ah ! Eden of which our fathers dreamed !  
Eden fair for which our spirits thirst !  
So near !  
So very near,—  
Or very far,—  
Within the heart.*

IK PONG CHANG.

## Back Numbers

Applications have been received from several sources, including the Royal Asiatic Society (Korea Branch), the University of Chicago Library, etc., to supply them with early volumes of "THE KOREA MISSION FIELD" but in many instances we have no stock of certain of issues so that most of the volumes cannot be completed.

The C. L. S. is therefore offering payment of 25 sen per copy for missing issues. Please look up your treasured back numbers and write us if you can supply any of the following :

Vol. I.	1904. Feb. May.
	1905. Aug.
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	1906. April.
Vol. III.	1907. No. 4.
Vol. IV.	1908. No. 1.
Vol. V.	1909: 5, 8, 10, 11.
Vol. VI.	1910: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6.
Vol. VII.	1911: 1.
Vol. VIII.	1912: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12.
Vol. IX.	1913: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 12.

## Notes and Personals

### Southern Methodist Mission

*Leaving for U. S. A.*

Rev. and Mrs. David Weems, Chulwon, on March 6.

Rev. Victor W. Peters, Seoul, on March 6.

Miss M. Cherry, Seoul, on March 6.

### British and Foreign Bible Society

*Returned from furlough*

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hobbs, Seoul.

### Northern Methodist Mission, W. F. M. S.

*Returned from furlough*

Miss J. B. Marker, Seoul.

### Southern Presbyterian Mission

We deeply regret to record the death by an automobile accident at Wooster, Ohio, of Dr. J.B. Patterson, formerly of Kunsan, on February 15th. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Patterson and the four children.



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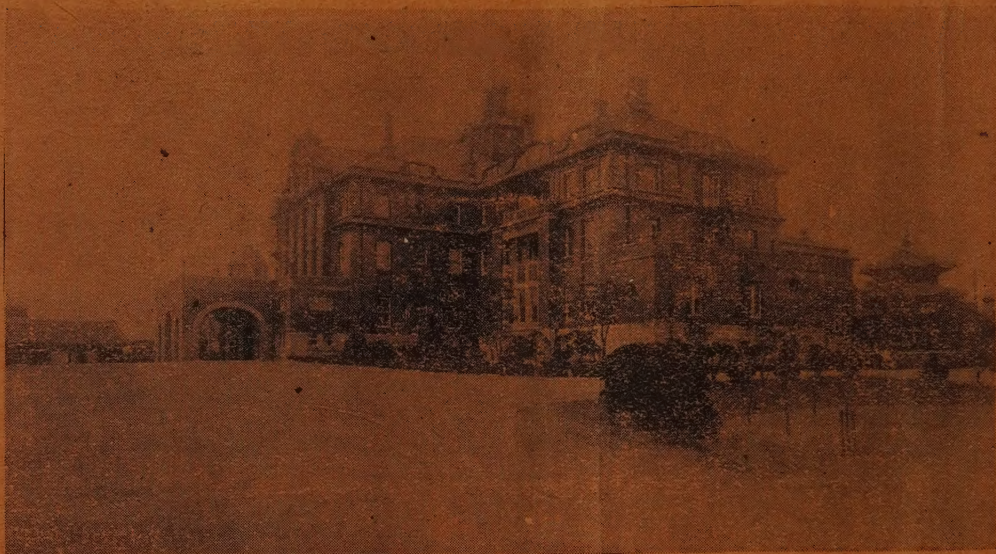
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 京城府仁寺洞一九四番地

英國人  
 美國人

王班  
 禹巨  
 來

印刷所  
 印刷人

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